

*The Commissioning of "The Victors"*

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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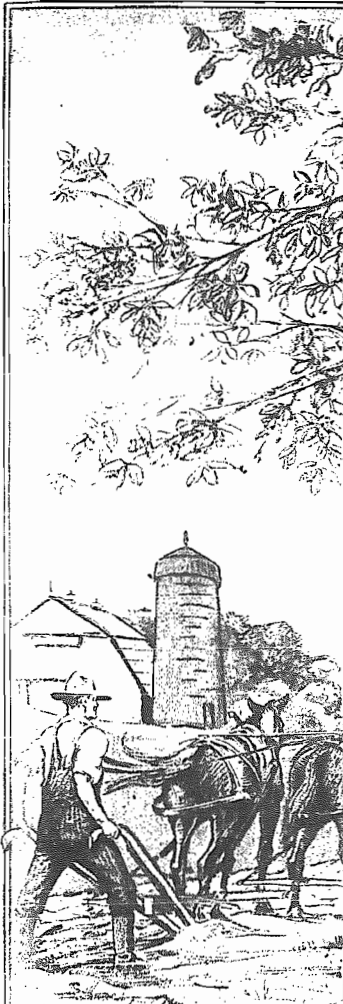
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



## THE SOWER

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, they withered away.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them.

"But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Matt. Li: 3-9.

**"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW"**

Acknowledgment—  
New York 'War Cry'









# A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRRATION

## THE COVENANT DAY

It always seems to us that Spiritual Days are much too private to be discussed in the open pages of "The War Cry," especially when one remembers how sacred they are to the young lives for whom they are such events; and also for the older Officers who may be privileged to attend. More particularly is this so because it comes to the Spiritual Day of the Session, that which has come to be known as "Covenant Day."

We imagine there are very few Officers of this Territory who do not look back with joy to such Days, and we say it sorrowfully, there may be some who read these lines who look back with exceeding regret on the way things have gone with them since they forsook the Covenants they made in similar gatherings.

But it behoves us to put on record some of the solemn gladness of the first Covenant Day in the new Garrison Buildings. Of course the Commissioner and Mrs. Dickerson were with us, and we saw the fullness of their experience; if their hearers could only have stored up half of what they said to them, theirs would be a wonderful treasury.

Mrs. Major Habkirk, a gentle persuasive speaker; Adjutant Acton, brimful of sage and experimental advice; Mr. Lt.-Col. Dickerson, dramatically reminiscent; Brigadier Allen—on the eve of retirement, but still full of fire; all these were on the list of speakers. Brigadier Carter and the Garrison Officers added their quota of leadership and blessing, and completed the circle. Is that the way to put it?—of comradeship which had been enfolding us all day.

All through the day the Commissioner had been more than father-like in his insistence upon the pledges which The Army asks of us; not unwilling pledges, nor promises into which we need enter in a blind-folded manner, but in the pure streaming light of the Holy Ghost. The Covenant with God and our Leaders were presented in no uncertain manner, and none of that alert, intelligent, young company can ever say that they were not faithfully explained—and he it said to their exceeding credit—as faithfully assumed.

Of the closing scene of the Day we may say little; rather would we say that the picture of it shall live within our minds; and that the day and the appealing faces, the desperately determined attitude of all concerned will be with us for many a day. And no less does the song of that final event still ring in our ears—

"I cannot leave the dear old Flag,  
T'were better far to die." "J."

## A FESTIVAL OF PRAISE

### Saturday Night

It is a far, far cry back to those days in the world's history when the Prophet of Israel paused in his wonderment, and said, "Who is this that cometh with dyed garments?" It is a long, long time ago that it was first announced that "He was bruised for our iniquities," a long, long time ago, readers of ours, but never once all down the ages has any cry cease nor has there been any cry in His blood—the wonderful appeal of His blood-red garments and of His crucifixion.

We draw are the ways in which He presents Himself; wondrous are the words in which He speaks to us; wondrous are His sayings and goings among the haunts of men. He came wondrously into our midst among the Cadets' Commissioning week-end. We heard Him in the songs we sang; we saw Him in the Veterans; we also heard Him in the new songs and melodies; we saw Him in those lives, "Young, strong, and free."

There are some of the musings which came on Saturday night amidst the tapers and twinkling of the Winnipeg stars. We thank God that occasionally we can look away from our surroundings, and see Him Who is our Saviour; that we can shut our ears for a moment or two to the noises of the world and hear His voice.

We are sure it were possible for our readers to see Him and hear Him as we have been doing during these days. What a Holy

## THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

Conduct Great Weekend of Farewell Demonstrations of "The Victors" Training Session in The Winnipeg Rink

time it has been for the Cadets. What a time of fulfilled ambitions and answered prayers for those parents who have travelled hundreds of miles to be present with them. What a time, too, it has been for those absent ones who have been just as fervently with us. All have seen Him and heard Him, most surely.

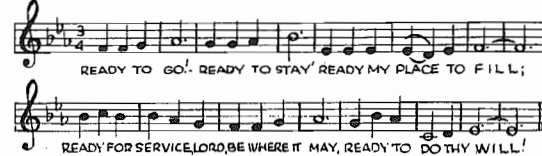
Still He is with His people and with us. Still He is the Man of the dyed garments. His visage marred more than that of any other. Still is He the One who said that, "He would give us rest to our souls." The message still is the same. "He was bruised for our iniquities—by His stripes we are healed." Glorious message for our thrice-blessed messengers.

As we entered upon our Saturday night Festival of Praise, which was the forerunner in our greater Festival of Consecration, we stood to sing—  
"Praise Him all creatures here below."

It was fitting that we should do so. It was the theme which was running through all the length of the long programme. It was the every time the Citadel Band played, or when the Y.P. Band essayed their pieces, and when the Cadets trumpeted it forth. It was—

## A Covenant-Day Chorus

By Adjutant T. Mundy



this Praise song—in the vocal efforts, whether united or solo. It was in the occasional joyful railing of the crowd, and certainly it was in the restrained happiness of those on the platform. A song of Praise because of those dyed garments and those healing stripes.

We will not stay to individualise on the programme, for there was so much in it that appealed to our Army senses, just as there was much that touched our civilian emotions, and stirred us reminding us. If we were to begin to set it all down we should go far beyond the bounds we have set ourselves. Suffice it to say that the Cadets and their Officers were all alive to their parts of the evening; that the Citadel's Bands and Songsters maintained their usual high standard; and that the Commissioner's leadership of the whole was a delight to those who had come along to this opening Public Event.

By the courtesy of "CKY" and "CJGX," the Meeting had been broadcast over the radio, and for all we know up into the Rockies, and so we rejoiced that not only the visible audience was taking its share of blessing and enjoyment, but that a greater crowd was with us, and that they too had the opportunity of hearing those wonderful words of the Prophet, "He was bruised for our iniquities."

If any strain of criticism did intervene in the thoughts which mostly filled our minds during the two hours of the programme, it was that the Cadets' "Call to Service" presentations did not come on earlier in the evening; they were so reminding of the joys and rewards of thorough-hearted service. But it was the time for the "preparation for the Sabbath" and so we left the rink, but not without the sound of His call loud in our ears, not without thought of His mercy in our minds, and not without—thank God—the vision of the Prophet gazing in glad wonderment on Him Who came for our Salvation.

We have been reading over these notes, and maybe some will agree with us that they are not a very descriptive account of the Meeting; we may have strained the parable too far. But let it stay as written: "The forest tale of earth has never equalled this—"

"He was wounded for our transgressions—  
Bruised for our iniquities."

The chastisement of our peace was upon Him—  
By His stripes we are healed." —"J"

## A FESTIVAL OF HOLINESS

### Sunday Morning

It was with no small degree of anticipation that we made our way to the spacious rink again on Sunday morning. The bright, genial sunshine and melody-filled air lifted our spirits and the sight of the Training Garrison Cadets on the march along Portage Avenue gave us that thrill of pride which is always pardonable in a Salvationist.

Soon, we reflected, these virile young men and women of earnest countenance and eager step would be marching along the highways and byways of the Territory to reinforce the ranks of our Officers

worldly sense of security and the deep, sweet peace of God's love.

Our souls were blessed also during the morning by the various vocal and musical items rendered. The Citadel Songsters helped us with the old favorite, "At Thy feet I bow adoring"; the Band's interpretation of, "The Good Shepherd" selection was inspiring; and the Cadets united singing of "Soldiers of Christ Arise" to a rare old tune, invited the congregation to make the rafters ring with the martial air: *Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well fought day.*

The Training Principal led us in the Prayer-Meeting and Brigadier Taylor offered the closing benediction.—P.

## A FESTIVAL OF MELODY

### Sunday Afternoon

A surfeit of good things awaited us in the afternoon at the conclusion of the several Open-Air engagements participated in by comrades and Cadets alike. The rink rang for a lively period of music and song and thereby an excellent start was made. Especially did we enjoy the rendering of the hitting chorus, led by the Commissioner:

*Faith triumphant in the darkest night,  
Faith triumphant wins the hardest fight,  
Faith triumphant makes the burden light;  
Give me a faith triumphant.*

This was sung (with variations, duets, etc.) by different sections of the platform and audience, and not the least doughty of the efforts made was when the men-comrades puckered their lips and jointly whistled the sprightly and well-known tune to which the chorus is so admirably set.

We were now ready for anything and everybody. At our Leader's invitation, Envoy Smith (Regina) set the hall a-rolling with a breezy testimony. Our comrade was so full of the fact that his youngest daughter was a Cadet, and declared that if he had fifty children they should all become Salvation Army Officers!

Another visitor, also the father of a Cadet, to speak, was our esteemed comrade, Envoy Hunt, of Sunny Valley fame. The Envoy, who had brought his family for the weekend, gave a hearty speech in which he related some of his experiences as a Salvationist in rural Canada.

As may be remembered, under the leadership of our comrade, the Sunny Valley forces built their own Hall and have since occupied a fine building. A rural Corps is now well established, which gives promise of sending in other Candidates. The Envoy's own son (his Isaac, he called him) being the first.

An item in the Envoy's speech which drew forth a volley of applause from the audience was the interesting fact that since the opening of 1927 Sunny Valley Corps, Sunday baseball, dance parties, horse races and other worldly sports had died a natural death in the neighborhood. A young People's Sergt.-Major Ingles, all the way from Medicine Hat, Alberta, was called upon for a few words and incidentally took a large place in the scheme to represent the absent parents of the Cadets. Our comrade also spoke highly of the "products of the Gas City, to whom he was commissioned by his Corps comrades to convey greetings, and wished for them a usual and blessed farewell.

Captain Townsend, Regina (another son of the soil) concluded the list of visiting delegates to speak and this worthy comrade told of his joy at beholding his daughter ready to receive her appointment for service.

The afternoon's programme was certainly a packed one, and it is with some difficulty we find space to record every particular. A unique contribution—or rather set of contributions—was made by the Garrison musical forces, when the Cadets, in their respective Divisions and led by one of their own number, rendered spirited vocal selections.

Thus did the Cadets from distant B.C., led by Cadet Fitch, give us, "Who is on the Lord's side?"; the Alberta forces, under Cadet Murray, "The Great Review"; the Saskatchewan representatives, led by Cadet Pickles, "Marching on for God"; the Saskatoon and Manitowish, under Cadet Gibson, "A Sparkling Crown." The Citadel Band and Songsters also treated us to inspiring selections.

(Continued on page 8)

## MONDAY AFTERNOON

### The Festival of Dedication

THE Dedicatory Service, conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich on Monday afternoon, was a graciously inspiring and solemnly impressive event. We are certain that the occasion was one never to be forgotten by the fifty-one young men and women who thus publicly took upon themselves the vows of consecration.

Appropriate indeed was the opening song, lined out by the Training Principal, and we noticed that it was with fervency of spirit that our comrades soon to become Officers, sang the stirring lines:

*"And while He leads with flashing sword  
What a thought to fire the imagination  
And to inspire the soul to resolution!"*

Mrs. Brigadier Carter and Brigadier Merrett led us in turn to the Throne of Grace and the hush of prayer filled our hearts. The Cadets then sang strongly, but not without deep feeling, "Blessed Lamb of Calvary," a helpful prelude to the Scripture portion from the first chapter of Jeremiah, selected by the Chief Secretary and read by Brigadier Taylor.

Scenes from the life of the Saviour in inspiring word-pictures were portrayed by Mrs. Commissioner Rich in her Bible address. Once again we heard the solemn words, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me," and visualized the inner secret of the soul-winner's success.

### "I Am With You Always"

Definite testimonies to God's saving and sanctifying powers were given by Cadets Billyard and Beck and these items were followed by selections by the Garrison Band and Male Quintette. All of which fitted in well with the nature of the gathering.

Prior to the delivery of the dedicatory address the Commissioner called upon the Training Principal to speak. The Brigadier briefly reviewed the past nine months and urged the Cadets to uphold the high ideals and standards of the Training Garrison. It was, he said, with the utmost confidence that he handed his charges over to the Commissioner for service in the Territory. As a concluding word he gave them the glorious promise of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always."

The Commissioner's address was full of inspiring counsel. Taking the age-long example of Paul, commissioning, so vividly recorded in Acts 26, our Leader charged the group of stalwart young people before him to avoid all that would detract from the great and noble purpose of their high calling. "Let your message be with no uncertain sound," he said as he bade them rise to their feet.

### In the Name of the General

We cannot adequately describe the hallowed feelings of those next moments. There was the beautiful singing of the Sessional Chorus, "When they come seeking Thee," the repeating of the consecration vows, the dedicatory prayer of Mrs. Colonel Miller. And lastly, the crowning moment of the afternoon, when our Leader, in the name of the General, declared them to be Commissioned Officers of the world-wide Salvation Army.

It was a momentous epoch in the lives of these young people and there remained only one more event to bring the day to a peak-high climax—the Commissioning.—P.

## MONDAY NIGHT

### The Festival of Consecration

We were well in tune with the spirit of joy and praise and thanksgiving which hovered over the Winnipeg Rink, for was it not Commissioning Night? That night of nights to "The Victors" who have lived among us, and have been so much a part of Army life in Winnipeg ever since last October.

Because of their ardent, dare-anything Salvationism they have gained a high place in our affections, and right happily we joined in this "Festival of Consecration," for such, beneath all the gaiety and rejoicing of Commissioning, we knew it was going to be for these Young People.

As we sat and watched the crowds surging into the rink—such a crowd as we have never seen there before—we

thought of the path "The Victors" had trod to bring them to this night. We thought of the long ways behind them; over the seas some of them had come, come to make a name for themselves in a new land; well, they have their heart's desire, their name is "The Victors." Over the prairies and across the mountains, from office desks, from the farm ploughs, from counting houses, from home duties—a noble company, and so we thought as we heard the distant tramp, tramp of their oncoming.

Even as we thought, there broke upon our reverie the triumphant strains of their Sessional Chorus, "Make way, make way for the Victors," and with a swing and lilt compelled thereto by the martial music of the Citadel Band, they were upon us. Banners waving, faces all aglowing with the light of their high resolve they came "The Victors".

Young women sweet of face, gracious and kindly; young men, the very embodiment of Christian young manliness; all alike Salvationists in the best sense of the word, bearing across them the beautiful Army flag—such they took their places at the Altar of Consecration.

The opening song went with a swing, "We are marching on  
With shield and banner bright," and all the time, indeed through the whole length of the evening, we heard the echo of those marching feet.

Mrs. Colonel Miller's prayer was motherly and tender, and we felt a responsive tug at our heart strings as she prayed they might "fight a good fight, and war a good warfare." Then the seriousness of the event came over us again as the young Officers sang their Covenant chorus, in which many a hundred throughout that vast crowd joined:

*"When they come seeking  
Thee, Lord,  
When they come seeking Thee:  
Help us to show Thee,  
So they may know Thee,  
When they come seeking  
Thee."*

In true Army fashion our feet tapped the floor, and our hearts beat quicker when the St. James Band added its quota to the evening's inspiration, and our feelings almost bled the better of us when the Singing Company sang of The Army Flag. We have heard that Company so often, and have enjoyed its tuneful melodies and harmonies again and again, but this last song touched us more than all. "I love the Flag," they reiterated, and we repeated the phrase over to ourselves, as one is apt to do with something that touches one's heart closely. Thank God we were born under that Flag.

Mrs. Rich's Bible-reading was applicable; carrying with it a message just as cheerful and just as hopeful to "The Victors" as to those old-time Jews, who, longing for the Messiah, heard with gladness the utterances of the Prophet as his voice rang out, "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me." Wonderful promises, wonderful future, and so the words went on. "Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of our God." What a commission for "The Victors!"

# A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

## The Solemn Dedication and Victory Commissioning

Thanks be to God who giveth us thee through our Lord Jesus Christ

Brigadier Carter, the Training Principal, proud man was he, read his Sessional Report, always an interesting item on such nights. As on previous occasions it was packed full of information, but our thoughts could not be kept in check—no strange thing—and behind the facts and figures and dates we seem to sense many a story; tales which would have brought tears to our eyes; and tales which would have caused smiles to chase those very tears. We thought of the prayers which wrapped so many of our Young Host in when they were dedicated to God and The Army service; we thought of the devoted Local Officers who tended them and led them in the youthful way; we thought of the Officers who strengthened the weak converts, and had made of them strong Soldiers of the King of Kings.

But our thoughts could not stay—the meeting was sweeping us on. There came another Victory song, and we all stood to our feet, the thousands of us, and sang as in the old days, and as we shall sing for many a year to come:

*"No retreating—  
Hill descending—  
Thro' the blood of Christ my Saviour."*

What an outburst of song it was! This is the Victory we said—the only Victory of which we desire to know. And the

## The War Song "The Victors"

By Pro-Lieutenant Hillary

We have heard the battle cry  
To the Victors;  
And have come to live and die  
As true Victors.  
We are bound to win  
Victory over sin.  
Tho' the arm of flesh may fail,  
We'll be Victors;  
Christ our Captain shall prevail,  
We'll be Victors.

### CHORUS:

We'll be Victors—we'll be Victors,  
We have taken up the sword,  
Jesus Christ He is our Captain,  
And we follow at His word.  
We'll be Victors, truly Victors,  
And proclaim till all have heard,  
He has died from sin to save them,  
We'll be Victors all the way.

His has cleansed our hearts from sin,  
Made us Victors,  
We mean to work for Him  
And be Victors.  
His will we know—to the fight we go;  
Hailing in the Saviour's might,  
We'll be Victors,  
The host of Hell to flight,  
Yes—we'll be Victors.

The fight be hard and long;  
We'll be Victors;  
At last will swell the song  
Of the Victors.  
We'll have blest—souls in East  
and West.  
Our hands will bless the day  
That the Victors  
stand and joined the fray,  
As the Victors.



Canada West  
The Victor Season 1927-1928



# AL OF CONSECRATION

## Commissioning of "The Victors"

as be to God who giveth us the through our Lord Jesus Christ. (I Cor. 15:57)

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and West.  
my hands will bless the day  
That the Victors  
kept their stand and joined the fray,  
As the Victors.

"Wave offering" in which the thousands took part!!!

Void of the swing and verve of this item was the song by the Women Cadets' Party, but our hearts were moved and silence came over the audience as they sang with the soul-love in their eyes—

"Except I am moved by compassion  
How dwelleth Thy spirit in me."

And in and among all these items moved the Commissioner's guiding presence; his terse remarks, his words of gratitude to Singing Party and Staff, and others concerned, bringing a feeling of genial warmth to all hearts.

The Citadel Band march, "The Herald of Fraise," was a joyous burst of music, but beautiful as it was we did not get such a thrill then as we did a few moments later when the triumphant, sonorous "Victors' Song" burst on our ears.

To see those young people, so straight and alert, so full of the Army spirit, to see them stand, to hear them sing—the thrub of it possesses us now as we write:

"Though the arm of flesh may fail,  
We'll be Victors;  
Christ our Captain shall prevail,  
We'll be Victors."

The fact that one of that group was responsible for the gloriously martial words thrilled us; such sentiments of one must be the sentiments of the whole.

The tension had been growing higher and higher, and a sigh of relief was almost audible when the moment of actual Commissioning arrived. Brigade after Brigade they filed to the front of the platform, called forth by Brigadier Merritt and Adjutant Davies, and one by one they received their appointments. As they fell back into line—some of them—we looked around to see the happy faces of proud parents who had lived for this moment, we had a feeling that to some, this moment meant more, perhaps, than to the young Officer himself. Then we thought of the absent parents and loved ones, whose love and prayers would be winging across the prairies Winnipegwards, and we thought, too, of some who might even then be looking down from the Holy City, praising God for answered prayers.

The Commissioning was over. Brigadier Park, for the Women's Social Department had accepted the Officers for that Service; Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, the Field Secretary, had accepted the Field Officers. We wish we had space to record some of those burning words of acceptance. "You, 'The Victors,' are passing," said the Field Secretary, "through the wide open gates into the greatest circle of comradeship the world has ever known—that of Salvation Army Officership."

Then—last scene of all—the new Officers came again to the front of the dais, under a widespread Army Flag, and each grasping a strand of Army color ribbon, they sang once more:

"Help me to show Thee  
So they may know Thee.  
Standing there, in a group  
which was so intensely Army  
in its setting, the Commissioner delivered to them such an impassioned address as it has rarely been our privilege to hear.

"You are going out to fight. Fighting will be the business of your life. But they will be the most of the Lord's Hosts. He brings you a sword—the victory sword. Not a sword for ornament, but a sword for the fight."

"You are 'The Victors,' and the price of your victory shall be in those words. 'If any man will follow me, let him take up his Cross.' It is not a golden cross, nor a gold sword, but the cross of the body Jesus, and the sword of the Spirit."

"I call upon you to fight until every captive soul is at liberty; until every slave has his shackles struck from him; until every unhappy home is bright with the joy of His salvation; until righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

A mighty charge it was, calculated to remain with our young comrades in the hard days, the dark days, in the times when the Garrison will be far away, but when Christ will be ever near.

Then the Benediction—and after that, well, it was almost impossible to describe the crowds that flooded around the platform steps, parents waiting to bless their children; Soldiers to greet their new Officers. Theonly way to know anything about such a scene is to come to the Commissioning yourself—especially if you come to be commissioned.—D.O.J.

And then out on to Portage Avenue once more—not now as Cadets but as Officers in the great Salvation Army. The flags were fluttering in the almost-midnight breeze; the tambourines were rattling; the Band of "The Victors" playing its farewell melodies—and so they made their return to the Garrison.

Of the hours that passed, of the little sleep that excited brains secured, of the congratulations and prayerful thoughts for each other, we can say little—visualize them for yourselves.

The last scene in our minds, however, we who were permitted to gaze at the Farewell Supper, will be of the sun setting across the fields at the back of the Garrison, and the Commissioner's pleading tones as he said: "Lead them to His open side,  
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died."

### OFF TO THE FIELD

One wet, drizzling evening, about nine months ago, we stood outside old "259" and watched "The Victors" enter the Training Garrison—with the City Bands playing haunting melodies, and the sound of singing echoing around the dingy houses, and about the dripping tree-branches. The light from the open door and the unshaded windows streamed across the gleaming roadway, and on the shining instruments, as the Cadets reached their "desired haven." Hallelujahs rent the air, and greetings were banded to and fro; there may have been tears, but we didn't see any.

Nine months later we stood in the wide corridor of the new Training Garrison—almost feeling we were upon holy ground. There wasn't much talking, just a subdued murmur; one by one the new Officers came down the stair-ways, reluctantly, we imagined, and as they came we could imagine the quiet farewell that was being taken—the last long look at the little room, the scene of so many prayers and struggles, the last peep at class-rooms, and Lecture-Hall. Such a strange, unfamiliar little group they seemed—grims and bags around their eyes, glimpses of red and yellow braid, Sergeant's stripes on unaccustomed arms—"The old order changeth and yieldeth place to new."

Then came the Flag, and soon the Side Officers; with upraised hands, eyes closed, faces, now which tears fell unbidden, and unchecked, lifted upwards, they sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," and then one of their number prayed. Silently others joined the little crowd, and the final words spoken, they filed out of the Garrison—for the last time. Out into the summer moon, out to the fighting and loneliness and victory.

Hot sun was beating down on the station platform—so different from that rainy evening nine months ago—as the last farewells were said. With tear-dimmed eyes mothers looked at their Officer-sons and daughters, become so suddenly strange to them, and those sons and daughters bravely struggling with their own feelings, tried to cheer them. And some of them had never left home before!

We saw the farewells between Garrison chums, so unfamiliar in their new decorations. The prayerful hand-clasps of last year's Sergeants, and then, succeeded. How dream-like everything seemed.

Then the train began to move, and to the strains of "Make way, make way for 'The Victors,'" sung by the remnant left in the City, those on the train left Winnipeg to start, gladly and prayerfully, their new life by the help of God, they'll be "Victors," indeed!—D.

Among many congratulatory messages received at the Garrison on Commissioning Day were telegrams from the New York and Toronto Garisons, one from Regina I, and also from Lieutenants Bert and Wesley Rich of the British Territory.



Canada West  
The Victor Season 1927-1928







# Our Musical Fraternity



## Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Fifth Article)

### SAVED BY THE ARMY SONG BOOK

Lost in the bush, they climbed a tree and began to sing the number heard them and "delivered them out of their distresses"

A report reaches us from Ewanga, Nigeria, West Africa, that at Akai where Teacher Amos is in charge, four men recently burnt their Jujus and have become Salvationists. This is one sign of many of God's presence at the various centres. "We are pleased to report victory at Ewanga," says the account mentioned, "both at the Centre and at the Societies."

The visit of the Territorial Commander, Colonel Souter, proved a source of inspiration and help to us all. The new Local Officers here are doing exceptionally well and the first Meeting conducted by them was most helpful. The Open-Air Meetings at the beach are well attended and are greatly appreciated by the large crowds that gather.

We have just opened a Society at Ilo-Ilo Use Eikon, and our comrades there have already erected their own Hall." Captain Cole speaks in high terms of the attitude of the people towards The Army and its work.

At Ondo our Comrades are standing true and going to uniform, and the work among the Young People is making good headway.

On a recent Sunday morning Directory Class, the children were asked to bring someone with them to the Meeting on the following Sunday. One boy brought his elder brother, and he, having found someone called upon a friend and invited him to come. The friend did so and was converted.

Our Young Books are being brought in a marvellous manner. Salvationists here carry their books with them wherever they go.

Quite recently two comrades missed their way in the bush and did not know which way to go. In their dilemma they climbed a tree, took out their Song Books and began to sing at the top of their voices. "I'm a Soldier bound for glory," with the chorus, "I love Jesus, Hallelujah," singing the chorus over and over again, they then shouted for joy.

A man who was hunting a long way off, heard the strains and wondering what it all meant, drew near. They told him of their trouble and he was able to direct them to the right way. The Song Book thus was the means of helping them out of their difficulty.

There was a little misunderstanding of fact on the mind of a child of whom we have heard, who had listened to the reading of the grim story of Ananias and Sapphira, and was then asked by her teacher why they were punished so severely. She thought a minute, and then replied: "Because, teacher, because they weren't used to lying in those days."

There was sheer guesswork, but there was knowledge behind the speech of little Sapphira, who was riding on a rocking-horse with his sister Margaret, and at last remarked: "If one of us would get off I could ride better!" Whether the hint was taken we are not informed.

JUST a word concerning "Almighty to Save" (21). This is one of the tunes our present General discovered for The Army; we do not know where he found it - it may have been a secular air - but we have never heard any people other than ourselves sing it. It always gives us a feeling of amnesia, too, when we see in some religious hymnals the words of the General's song given an anonymous authorship.

"Sagina" (218) is a real old York-shire tune, dating from the year 1825. It was originally published in a collection of tunes entitled "The Bouquet," all of which were named after some botanical term. What town is there where The Army Flag flies that has not heard us sing:

"My chains fell off, my soul was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

Every Army musician will be aware that "Creation" (220) is taken from Haydn's oratorio of that name; the chorus, "The heavens are telling," supplying the main idea. We surely are in good company in these adaptations.

In "Better World" (228) splendid Army Open-Air song, and wonderful song of our childhood, are have an adaptation of a Greek national air while "What's the News" (228), and "We're travelling home" (220) are just Ranter tunes, pure and simple. In "Zeal" (230) we have a charming Army air composed by Mrs. Lt. Colonel Zeal of the British Territory.

When "Tucker" (234) first saw the light in the "ALC," it was suggested as an *Ad Memoriam* tune, in fact, that was its first title, and, if we remember aright, it was also used as a C.M.H. However, that is long ago as Army history goes, and always will it be associated with its composer, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who has given us so many happy melodies.

Now we are coming amongst some real Army tunes. "Take all my sins away" (212), written by our General's eldest sister, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn; "Jesus is good to me" (216) an Army melody from New Zealand.

"Come on my partners" (218), a tune which the Founder assiduously tried to make popular amongst us, but which

for some unknown reason has never really caught on. And "Praise" (219) is another which is splendid as a March item, but exceedingly trying as a small congregation tune. It is popular, nevertheless, and is the glory of the basses, "for have they not a whole line to themselves, and then a long sustained top A, whilst the other parts accompany the melody on its way to top F sharp" or at least that was so in its original arrangement.

Everybody among us knows that "Govaans" (263) is from the pen of Colonel Govaars, who entered The Army service in Holland, and has fulfilled his Officer'ship in almost innumerable lands. It is a gracious tune, and we have often envied our comrade the authorship.

"Silver Threads" (281), stands forth unobtrusively as a former song tune - "Darling, I am growing older"; but it is a melody of everlasting freshness. It is cheek by jowl with other former secular tunes. Of "Glad to be Bleeding Lamb" (287) we remember a great story.

Hodgeson Casson was an old-time Methodist preacher, and a converted fiddler - they did not then associate fiddlers with hymnology. He was in a certain town, and could not get to sleep because of a dance which was going on in another part of the town where he was staying. I failed to endure the noise, he left his room and made his way to the dance saloon, took the fiddle from the hands of the astonished musician, and calling upon the dancers to halt in their whirling, he struck up, singing to the tune to which they had been dancing a few moments before -

"My Saviour suffered on the Tree,  
Glorious in the Bleeding Lamb."

While the dancing had been going on, with its constantly recurring tune, he had arrived at the set of words which we sing in The Army today. It is said that he did not cease his singing and preaching in that room until he had all the dancers on their knees, and some of them converted.

"Hemlock" (290) is another old-time church tune. It was written by Thomas Olivers, a drunken Welshman, who was converted under the Wesleys. It first appeared about the year 1770. It was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, and

there is a story that one of her ornaments was rebuked by her because he dared to use another setting to "Lo, He comes with clouds descending."

If the music of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," (309) is not Canadian, certainly the words are. Our very good comrade, Envoy Hawley, of Calgary, has gathered a considerable amount of data concerning the writer of the hymn - Joseph Scriven, of Port Hope, Ont. The music is by Charles Converse, who was a personal friend of Scriven. It first appeared in the *Songbook* collection about the year 1877, and is still one of the best open-air songs we have - words and music.

"Speak, Saviour, speak" (315) we believe, was originally "Sleep, dearest sleep," and has become popular amongst us by reason of Mr. Herbert Booth's sacred words.

Where shall we finish this article? Of the composer of "Moscow" (368), Giardini, it is said that when a young man he was given to introduce some of his own *cadenzas* into the works of others for the sake of display. One evening he did this in the presence of the author of the piece. His rival waited until Giardini had finished his extempore, when he promptly gave him a sound box on the ear. Would that some of our Bandmasters could do likewise.

Read with us this extract from "The Army Drum," by Mrs. Bromley. "For two years this singing pilgrim (Bandmaster Fry) went about The Army, and then God called him. I heard one of his songs sung once by a girl who was herself near death; consumption had left unburnt, her pure, magnificent voice, and down the crowded hall it sent these thrilling words, to that old Scots tune - 'Robin Adair' (374).

"God gave His Son for me,  
Oh, wondrous love."

The singer's great eyes looked beyond us all, an unearthly light shinning from their dark depths; and almost as really for the girl who sang the words as for the man who wrote them, they seemed true:

"Be His abounding grace,  
Oh, wondrous love,  
Sing, I shall see His face,  
Oh, wondrous love,  
Join those who're gone before,  
Sorrow and pain all o'er,  
Heaven, Heaven, for evermore,  
Oh, wondrous love."

### THE BAND OF "THE VICTORS" SESSION

Reading left to right, back row:  
Eric Beck;  
Barton Branton;  
Stanley Raine;  
Ardie Dale;  
Jack Nelson;  
Stanley Mendum;  
Ernest Fitch;  
Jack Mumford;  
Front row:  
William Gibson;  
Arthur Allan;  
Nelson Weir (Bandmaster)  
Brigadier  
John Merritt;  
Arthur Carmichael;  
Edward Brundson;  
Sherman Hunt.





## Souls at Tent Campaign

**Swift Current** (Ensign and Mrs. Dorin). Sunday, June 10th, the Band visited Maple Creek, leaving the home town early in the morning, and travelling by road. Upon arrival we went straight to the General Hospital, and there cheered the patients with our music and song. We then went back to the tent where the day's Meetings were being held, and where a good crowd had already gathered. The Free and Easy Meeting was ably piloted by Captain O'Donnell.

A monster Open-Air was held on the main street at night, and a large crowd listened to the message of Salvation, both there, and in the crowded tent Meeting. Captain Martin assisted in this gathering, the Band rendered appreciated selections, and Ensign Dorin gave the address.

Last Thursday the Band journeyed to Gull Lake, where a Tent Campaign is being held. The tent was filled when we arrived, and the Meeting in full swing. Captain Hranice gave a helpful message, and in the Prayer-Meeting we had the joy of seeing three souls at the Mercy-Seat. To God be the glory.—J.K.

**Pentitoe** (Captain Dancheck and Lieut. Warren). We are glad to report that another Soldier has been added to our rolls, a brother who has been saved for a few months. In the Meeting in which he was enrolled he testified to God's goodness, and his desire to stand true to God and The Army.—B.I.W.D.

**Assiniboia** (Lieutenant Rayner and Candidate Cox). On the occasion of the arrival of our Officers we had a crowded Hall, and the presence of God was with us. We had the joy of enrolling a convert of recent weeks as a Soldier under the Blood and Fire Flag. He stated his determination to be true, and his thankfulness to God for saving him.—"O"

**North Battleford** (Captain and Mrs. Chapman). Recent visitors here have been Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling. The latter paid us a visit all on her own, when she was gladly welcomed at the Home League Meeting, in which her words were most helpful, and at the Salvation Meeting at night.

The following weekend the Brigadier arrived, and together with Mrs. Gosling, helped us splendidly. The Home League Sale on the Saturday was a successful event, and the financial returns satisfactory. Our sisters of this branch of the Corps are to be congratulated on their efforts. The Sunday Meetings were full of power and gladness.—J. Smith.

**Virden** (Captain Houghton and Lieut. Parr). We are glad to be able to report progress, and especially increased activity during the past weekend. Saturday was the occasion of a successful Home League Sale. In the evening, the Captain introduced the usually reserved townsfolk to singing heartily, the Lieutenant reports an equally inspiring time at the Outpost. The well-attended farewell Meetings were times of spiritual refreshing. At night we had the joy of seeing a Soldier enrolled under the Blood and Fire Banner. At a previous Meeting a young man, for whom much prayer has been offered, was converted, and is now a promising recruit.—"Phoenix."

## FOUR SOLDIERS ENROLLED

**Fort Frances** (Captain Wright and Lieut. Hamilton). Last Sunday was a day of victory and blessing. In the Salvation Meeting, which followed several gatherings—Holiness Meeting, Jail Service, Y.P. Meetings, and Open-Airs—four Soldiers were enrolled. These are some real trophies of grace. Our Financial Campaign is going splendidly, and success is assured.—A.R.D.

## Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling at Saskatoon Citadel

**Ensign and Mrs. Capon**—On a recent Sunday, Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling with us and we had God for their ministrations. The Brigadier's fighting spirit was easily seen in the strenuous work he put into Open-Air and Indoor Meetings in spite of his indisposition of recent weeks.

Last Sunday God rewarded our faith in the Salvation Meeting when eight seekers came to the Mercy-Seat. Practically all of these were volunteers and all testified afterwards to the work of grace in their hearts. Four were new comrades.

The S.D. Altar service during the

evening was generously responded to and the records of past years. We thank God for this.

The Band's activities these days are many and large crowds are attracted to the five Open-Air Meetings held. The Songster Brigade recently gave a splendid programme which showed their musical talents to advantage.

Our Home League Sale, opened by Mrs. A. MacGregor-Young and assisted by Mrs. Brigadier Gosling, was well patronized and a programme by the Y.P. Band was much enjoyed. Ninety dollars were raised and much credit is due the workers.

## At Sandy Hook Camp

Such a happy and appreciative crowd they are at Sandy Hook Camp! The mothers enjoyed the quiet and restfulness after months spent in the kitchen in the city; the little children, playing in the sunshine of open fields and the crowded streets and alleys of Westport. The days are flying only too quickly for them.

On Friday the campers gathered and attentively listened to a message conducted by Commandant Carroll, assisted by the Camp Staff.

Sunday was a great day for the children and the presence of Lt. General Sims meant added pleasure for the little tots. The Sunday morning Meeting was piloted by the Commandant and the Colored distributed Gospels to each of the children and also to their parents. In the afternoon Captain Grey, assisted by three Corps Cadets, conducted a Meeting which was well attended, and enjoyed by all.

**Drumheller** (Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell). Our weekend Meetings were good, despite the stretched weather. In place of the regular Sunday morning Open-Air Meeting, a service of music was held outside the house of a sick friend. Much blessing resulted in the ensuing Holiness Meeting. In the Salvation Meeting, after a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting, one soul surrendered. Others were under deep conviction, and we are praying for them. G.E.T.

## A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Song of The Army Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Book. Compiled by Hon. Deputy Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg.

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (\*).

Experience and Testimony		Com'd	Tune Book
289	I heard the voice	81	106 *106
290	Now I can rest	82	107
291	Soldiers, I am on	288	
292	Jesus came down	33	
293	I am a soldier bound	209	
294	Now I have found a	230	
295	Some people, I know,	231	
296	I'm a soldier bound	209	103
297	Once I was lost	110	116
298	Jesus, my dear	232	
299	Jesus, my dear	233	
300	Jesus, my dear	234	
301	Jesus, my dear	235	
302	Jesus, my dear	236	
303	Jesus, my dear	237	
304	Jesus, my dear	238	
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# A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain Alan Bristow, the new Officer for The Salvation Army Corps at Sardis, arrives at the town early in the morning with his wife, and, at her urging, trays on the station platform that God now richly bless their coming to Sardis. To them a little later at the hall comes one of the Soldiers of the Corps, Mrs. Denney, who with much kind-hearted chatter, greatly enlightens them on matters pertaining to the Corps, telling them especially of a backslider, Will Coulter, in whom they became deeply interested. Shortly after their arrival in Sardis there comes to them a young woman, Helen Gramond, in deep trouble. When her father turns her out of her home they take her in, and make arrangements for her entry into The Army Maternity Hospital in a nearby city. There are growing rumors of an impending strike in Sardis. The Captain and his wife are discussing these rumors one evening when there comes to them a policeman, Officer O'Donnell, who seeks their help in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell, who has disappeared from his home five months before and has not been heard from since. Helen comes back to them, having been converted while in the Hospital. She seems very happy with them, and loves her little boy dearly. The manufacturers and workmen fail to reach an agreement, and a strike is called. To make matters worse water settles in early, and freely, and there is much consequent distress in the town, particularly in an industrial district which goes by the name of "London Bridge." Captain Bristow is much exercised in regard to relief measures.

## Chapter V

### AN APPOINTMENT

TO MAKE matters worse, an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the "London Bridge" section, adding much sickness to the poverty. The Captain and his wife, with the faithful workers of the Corps, were nearly beside themselves, but three of the leading doctors of Sardis came to the harassed Captain's aid, and promised to treat the charges every case of sickness the Captain O.K'd. This helped out much, but in spite of all the outside help, both the Captain and his wife were very hard worked during those days. There are people living in Sardis who yet talk of the winter of that strike. Cold weather came early, and lasted unbrokenly after it came. For the first time in seven years the river froze over.

The biting cold added to the problems that the Salvationists had to face, for the poor were soon appareling for coal, and the slender finances of the sturdy little band forbade the buying of coal for them. It took all the money they could get together to buy the very necessary groceries. They put special appeals in the papers for cast-off clothing for the poor, and some of the Soldiers gathered this in for them. Mrs. Lachlin and Mrs. Denney came for three or four hours every day to distribute this clothing among the needy who came in a constant stream to receive it. It seemed to many that everything was being done that could be done to alleviate the suffering occasioned by the strike, and yet Captain Bristow was not wholly satisfied.

### Wonderful how the money holds out

He spoke of this one night as he sat with his wife after the children had gone to bed. "I wish there was some way we could do more for the people," he said, with a note of sadness in his voice. "There are so many calls I have to turn away from, and it hurts me." "I know dear," returned his wife gently, "but I don't see how we can do any more than we are doing with so slight finances we have. I sometimes think now that the Lord is doing with our stores what He did with the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal. It is wonderful the way the money holds out, and that we can take so many as we do. And you know, dear, that we are never having any more taking half salary since the strike started that we might have more for the relief fund."

"I know all that," he acknowledged with a heavy sigh. "We were very tired and showed it. "But there are many things that ought to be done that we can't do. If you know the need is really great, I would like to be able to give coal. There are so many families that are actually suffering keenly from the cold, especially in 'London Bridge.'"

"But we really can't do it. We would certainly need a great deal more money than is at our disposal to try to meet this need for coal."

At night the Captain prayed most earnestly that God would come to their help, and he prayed that in any way their service could be increased it might be able to do so. He was a long time on his knees. But somehow, when he had said "Amen," and had put into his bed his heart was strangely comforted and he did not feel so alone in his carrying of this burden of the poor.

The next morning at the breakfast table the Captain was preoccupied and silent. After a bit his wife noticed it. He laughed and said that his mind was

occupied with his troubles; then explaining himself he went on to say that he was still wrestling with the problem of providing coal for those families who were suffering for the lack of it.

"I only wish I had the wealth of some of these rich men who have so much they don't know what to do with it," he finished, and almost as he said it, what appeared to be a burst of sunshine spread over his face. "I have it," he ejaculated. "I'm going to see Mr. Murray about it!"

### The Nabob of Sardis

"Who is Mr. Murray?" asked his wife interestedly. "He's the nabob of Sardis. You have probably heard about him, but have forgotten it. He has only been home for the past few weeks. He has been in the Old Country all summer. He lives in that big mansion at the top of Cutler Hill. The Murrays originally owned practically all the land on which the town of Sardis stands. When the town was built here their holdings were cut up into lots and sold, with an immense profit to them. This money was wisely invested, and, according to reports, has been growing ever since. They are the wealthiest people in this part of the country. This Mr. Murray is part of the second generation, but even at that he is not a young man. Strange I did not think of him before, for when I was going over the Corps books I saw he has given a \$100 each year towards our Christmas Hamper Funds."

"Do you think he will help?"

"I don't know, but I am at least going to give him the opportunity."

When the Captain tried to get in touch with Mr. Murray he learned that he could only be seen by appointment. Getting into communication with Mr. Murray's secretary, an appointment was arranged for that afternoon. When the interview had been assured he found himself feeling a bit panicky. He had never before approached a man of such wealth and position, and the thought of the coming interview filled him with a sort of dread.

As he climbed the hill crowned by the imposing home of the Murrays, he lifted his heart to God for help and guidance. His pressure on the electric button that nestled beside the huge front door was not answered at once, but presently the door swung open to reveal a man servant who looked at him questioningly.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Murray," he explained to the man.

"Whom shall I say?" asked the servant, perceptibly warming.

"Tell him Captain Bristow, of The Salvation Army." "Just step inside and have a seat, and I will tell him." The Captain entered and took the indicated seat in the long and spacious hall. In a few moments the man returned.

"You are to come this way, please," he said.

Lending the way down the hall and turning off into a smaller corridor that opened off from it, the butler paused before a closed door upon which he lightly rapped. "A voice from within called a cheerful, "Open the door." The Captain stepped across for the Captain to enter, and announced "Captain Bristow."

### Sure of an interested hearing

The Captain found himself in a large room, apparently half office and half study. The fittings were dark, the woodwork a dark oak, and there were many rows of books lining the floor walls. At an immense table of fumed oak sat a man who rose to greet him as he crossed the room. The man was gray and rather small. His hair was gray, his suit clipped mustache was gray, his eyes were a shrewd gray, and he was garbed in a business suit of gray. He smiled as he extended his hand in greeting.

"Good afternoon, Captain Bristow; be seated, please."

The Captain, somewhat reassured by this warm welcome, took up the chair across the long desk from the gray man. There was something about his host that put him at his ease at once. He somehow felt that he was going to get an interested hearing, whether he got anything else or not. He was wondering just how to approach the matter he had come about when Mr. Murray spoke.

"I don't think I have met you before, Captain Bristow?"

"No; I have only been in Sardis since last June.

You were away, I believe, when I came, and have been away most of the time since."

"That is true. I have only been home a few weeks. But, though I have not met you before, Captain, I've been hearing some things about you."

The young Captain was flustered at this and showed it. He wondered just what this quiet little man could have been hearing about him. He did not know just how to proceed.

"That was a sort of poser for you, wasn't it?" The little gray man appreciated the Captain's perturbation, and was now helping him out. "Yes; I've heard about you more than once. You know, Captain, you can't come into a little town like Sardis and do things without having the folks talk about you some. Particularly if you do the sort of things you've evidently been doing since the strike was declared. I'll confess the things I have heard about you have made me curious to meet you. Of course, some of the things I have heard I suppose are garbled, so please go ahead and tell me what you have really been doing." And he settled back comfortably to listen.

Encouraged, the Captain started in, and so sympathetic did his hearer seem that he found himself enthusiastically telling the things they had been doing to meet the greatly increased demands on their time and resources since the coming of the big strike. And as he talked the man across from him listened attentively, and the changing light in his gray eyes showed that he was missing nothing of the points made by the Captain. He was told of the awful conditions that had been found in "London Bridge," of the steps that had already been taken to meet as far as possible these conditions. When the younger man had finished his recital there was a silence for a moment or two. Then the man who had listened so quietly leaned forward a bit and said, "Will you please pardon a very personal question? I have heard something, and I would like very much to verify it."

### A moment's embarrassed pause

"Ask anything you like," returned the Captain, "and if I can answer it I will be only too glad to do so."

"All right then," Mr. Murray leaned a little nearer and watched him closely as he went on. "I have been told that since the strike came you and your wife have only been taking half your allotted salary—a salary which, I believe, at best is not very large. Is that true?"

Captain Bristow felt his face flush hotly. How had this man heard this? They had not publicly let it be known what they were doing in this.

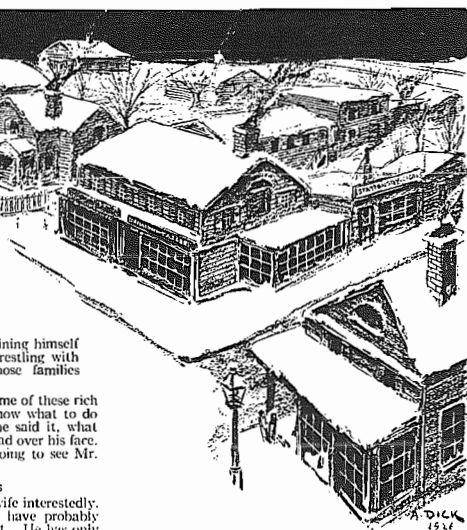
"Yes; that's true," he said, after a moment's embarrassed pause, "but that is not very much to do; you see, the need is so great, and we have so little to go on."

There was a warmer light in the kind gray eyes across from him, and the older man said kindly, "That is all right, but you know you will have to be careful, Captain. Youth does not know its limitations. You know it is possible for even youth to break down. You may do too much."

"Thank you, Mr. Murray," returned the Captain earnestly, "but it is not so much that I am doing as it is what I would like to do and am not able. This is likely to break me down before that. It is this that hurts."

A gleam of respect was added to the warmth of the kindly gray eyes. The owner of those eyes leaned back, and resting his hands upon the table between them, he said quietly, "All right, now; just what is it that you would like me to do?"

(To be continued)





# We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319, Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada** "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

**2117—Charles Rowland Humphreys.** Age 41, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address: 180, St. James St., London; has not been heard of for some years. Sister anxious for news.

**2116—James Lester.** Age 32, light English 10 years ago in come to Canada. Last known address, Siminola, Sask. Daughter is anxious to locate. Money has been left under his father's will.

**2115—James George.** Age 36, height 5 ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Native of Belfast, Ireland. Last heard from at Princeton, B.C. Father anxious for news.

**2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife.** Pattern maker. John in Pattern Makers' League, 1910. Wife was re-committed Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 28. Last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress-making business at East Greenview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

**2113—George Holder.** Age 53, height 6 ft. 2 in., light hair, grey eyes, ruddy complexion. When last heard from was farming on his own account. Native of Wootton, England. Brother wants to get in touch with him.

**2112—Marinus Villerius.** (Jack). Age 37, height 5 ft. 11 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, American, mechanic, missing from Valley Phone. Wife anxious for news.

**2111—Arthur Clark.** Age 29, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. When last heard from he was working on railway in Ontario.

**2081—William Jardine.** Age 59, height 6 ft., fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, native of Dumfries, Scotland; has been engaged in military life, also served with postal authorities and police, the latter positions in Scotland. Father, who has not heard from son since 1922 is anxious to locate. (See photo)

**2097—Frederick Chas. Butcher.** Age 47, height 5 ft. 6 in., native of London, engaged in furwork, last heard from at Madras, India. Brother seeks information concerning his whereabouts.

**1818—Christmas Davies,** otherwise known as **Tommy Davies.** Age 32, height 5 ft. 4 in., light colored hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer, Welsh, native of Llanelli, South Wales; extremely anxious for news. (See comments with this office.)

**2103 James Young Campbell.** Age 21, height 5 ft. 4 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Finsky, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

**2091—Frank Frederick Winter.** Corporal No. 21996. Age height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

Brother Murray—Sherbrooke St.

Last Friday afternoon many comrades and friends gathered at Bard's Funeral Parlors for the funeral of Brother Murray, who was promoted to Glory the previous Wednesday. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Dray conducted the service.

On Sunday evening a beautiful Memorial Service was held, this being conducted by Major Oake, who spoke of the splendid Salvationism of our departed comrade. He told how he had married Brother and Sister Murray and how he had been present in the Meeting when our brother knelt at the Mercy-Seat. C.S.M. Robson also spoke, paying high tribute to our comrade, telling of the long time he had known him. He thanked God for his honesty when he had failed, for a time, to put first things first. He was willing to acknowledge he was wrong. Captain Boyle spoke of visiting him during his last sickness, and of his assurance that he was only waiting for his Saviour to call him home. Mrs. Captain Boyle spoke "Face to face." The Band rendered "Jerusalem," and "Promoted to Glory." We praised God for three souls kneeling at the Mercy-Seat at the close of the Meeting, this making a total of four seekers for the day.

We extend deepest sympathy to Sister Mrs. Murray, and the family, including Bandmen Fred and Gerald Annie. May God comfort and sustain them.—R.M.R.

# Fresh-Air Sunday - JULY 8th

Sunday, July 8th, is to be observed throughout the Canada West Territory as Fresh-Air Sunday, and Special Collections towards The Army's Fresh Air Camp Fund will be taken at all Corps.

Commanding Officers are responsible to their Divisional Officers in this matter, and will act in accordance with instructions already received from Divisional Headquarters. The Commissioner is sure that all Soldiers and Friends will co-operate heartily in this work.

It is impossible properly to express the delighted feelings of the mothers and children now enjoying summer life at the various Fresh-Air Camps of The Army. The first contingents are already in possession, and there are others appealing to be included in further companies. The generosity of our comrades and friends will surely provide the wherewithal for many such parties.

Think what it means to the worn-out, nerve-tired mother of a large family to move with her children from the hot, reeking tenement building, situated amidst the dust of the city street, to the cool, invigorating breezes at Sandy Hook near Winnipeg; Hopkins Landing near Vancouver, and other picturesque camp sites.

The tales of privation and household strain which we are constantly hearing are heart-breaking; the fact that for a few days at least the struggle



AND SOME PEOPLE GO TO THE COUNTRY FOR THE WHOLE SUMMER

Continue Winnipeg "Free Press"

"When a feller needs a friend."

to provide even the barest necessities of life is removed is in itself a rest beyond word to those mothers. Our workers could tell some terrible stories of such conditions. Will you not help us to lift that burden, if only for a few days? Surely, you will.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed, and clad, playing and in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change. Oh, boy—Oh, joy. How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these"? You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours. Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!

## "The evil that men do lives after them"

It is often said that Shakespeare is as "true as the Bible". Nobody would be inclined to quarrel with the truth of this oft-quoted statement, although it might not at first be apparent as having much to do with the affairs of The Salvation Army.

Have we not all hoped that we might be enabled so to order our lives that when we have journeyed on to "that house from which no traveller returns," we may leave behind us a legacy of a righteous name, a worthy record, and a measure of good for those who follow after.

How better can we do this than by giving heed to the Master's own injunction—

"LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN"

by making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a Legatee, gaining thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's great work of work which God has so signally honored and blessed in the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—

Commissioner C. T. Rich,

317-319 Carlton Street,

Winnipeg, Man.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE and BEQUEATH unto The Governing Council of The Salvation Army—Canada West, the sum of \$..... for my

property known as No..... in the City or Town of

creation for the general purposes of The Salvation Army."

(If it is desired that the money be used for any particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

**2118—David Johnstone.** Age 30, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When last heard of he was in Calgary, about 2 years ago. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious to hear from him.

**2103—Clara Freda Towle.** Daughter of Lacie and Amy Towle, age would be between 12 and 15. Last known address was Strathcona, near Westminister, B.C. Anyone knowing whereabouts of this girl or her mother, or who communicates with her, please inform.

**2102—Mrs. Lieutenant L. H. (Lottie) nee Sofia O. Erviki.** Age 36, last heard from in 1920 at Fort Albert, B.C. Brother-in-law enquiring on behalf of aged parents.

**1918—Harry Davies.** Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium brown hair, inclined to be balding on top. Last heard from at Fairview near Oliver and Stratford, Orangeville, B.C. Brother anxiously enquires.

**2109—Lina Folger.** Age 35, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Born in Sweden, B.C. Father anxiously enquires.

**2002—Thomas George Hopper.** Age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes. Born near Paisley, Ont. Last heard from at Glacier, B.C. Sister enquiring.

**2017—Isaac A. Hutchinson.** Last heard from at Vancouver, where he returned after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Aged 47 years. Should have been the eye place communicate—sister very anxious to hear from him.

**2098—Phillip William Phillips.** (Steno?) Age 31, height 5 ft. 8 in., black hair, dark brown eyes, dark, tanned complexion, native of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**2110—Isak Gottfrid Isaksson.** From Ramo, Finland, age about 40, tall, blue eyes, medium dark, worked in gold mine, last heard and last heard of six years ago at Toronto, Canada. (See photo) Sister anxious for news.

**2098—Ole Olsen Parkman.** Age 47, medium height, red hair, freckles, old man, last came to Canada in 1923, occupation, farmer. Brother anxious for news.

**2090—James Tisdale.** Age 44, height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair, turning grey; blue eyes; fair complexion.

**2052—Per Olofsson Bereland.** Age 51, Swedish, dark hair, grey eyes. Sister blind, missing since 1923. Brother anxious for news.

**2119 John Eke.** Age 51, medium height, blue eyes, last heard from in 1924 near Vancouver, B.C., working on the railway. Brother in Norway is very old.

**2085 Johan Kristian Sorenson.** Age 28, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, news 1924, was working on railway. Last known address, Irons, Alta. Brother enquiring to locate.

**2099—William B. Brandt.** About 15 years of age, German, medium height, last heard from ten years ago in Winnipeg. Wife is in a convent.

Thus with the Lord God; behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep, so will I seek them out. And, bring again that which was driven away, and will bring them again, as a flock. These words were recorded by the Prophet Ezekiel—Chapter 34, 11-16, and they are true today, so that it can well be said

## God is Looking For You

To Scout and Guard Leaders and Others

### WANTED

For Orderly and Sports Duties at The Army Fresh Air Camp, Sandy Hook, Man., young men and women who are qualified and willing to do such duties and able to give their services for a term of ten to fourteen days in return for free board and lodging, and return rail from Winnipeg. The Army Hook, are invited to make known the application to the Commissioner. Applicants should give full particulars as to Corps, full name, address, age, and Life-Saving qualifications, etc., etc. Letters to be marked "Camp Duty," and addressed to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Portable Underwood Typewriter for sale—Forty Dollars. Machine in good condition, nearly new. Apply to the care of the Editor, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Over four thousand helpless individuals have been cured for the Army's Camp for Beggars in London during the six years it has been in existence. All the helpers at the camp were former inmates of the hospital, and who were afterwards taught to work.